

# FILM FUN

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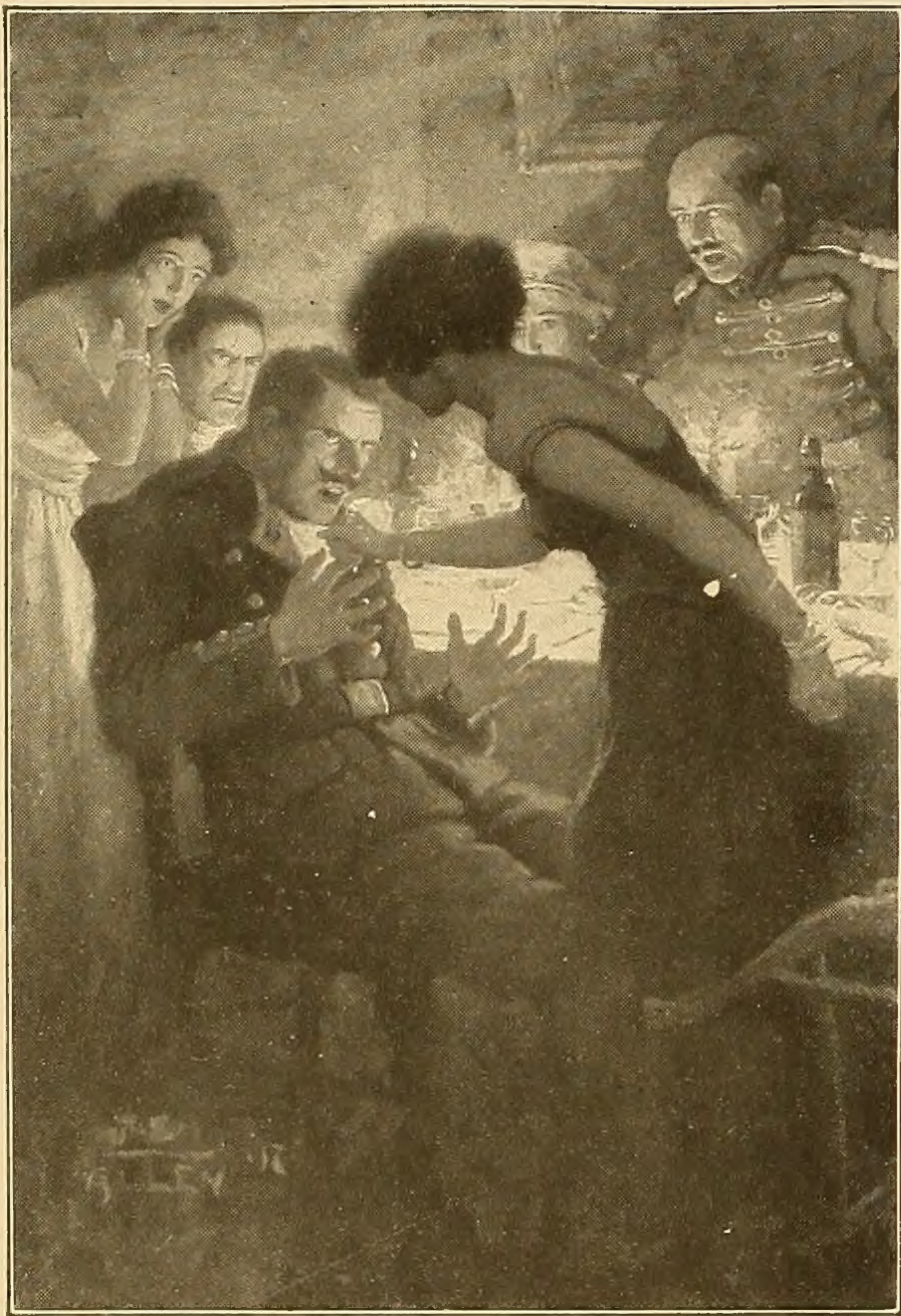


THE END  
*Of the War Film*





# THE HUN AT PLAY



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MAY 1918

THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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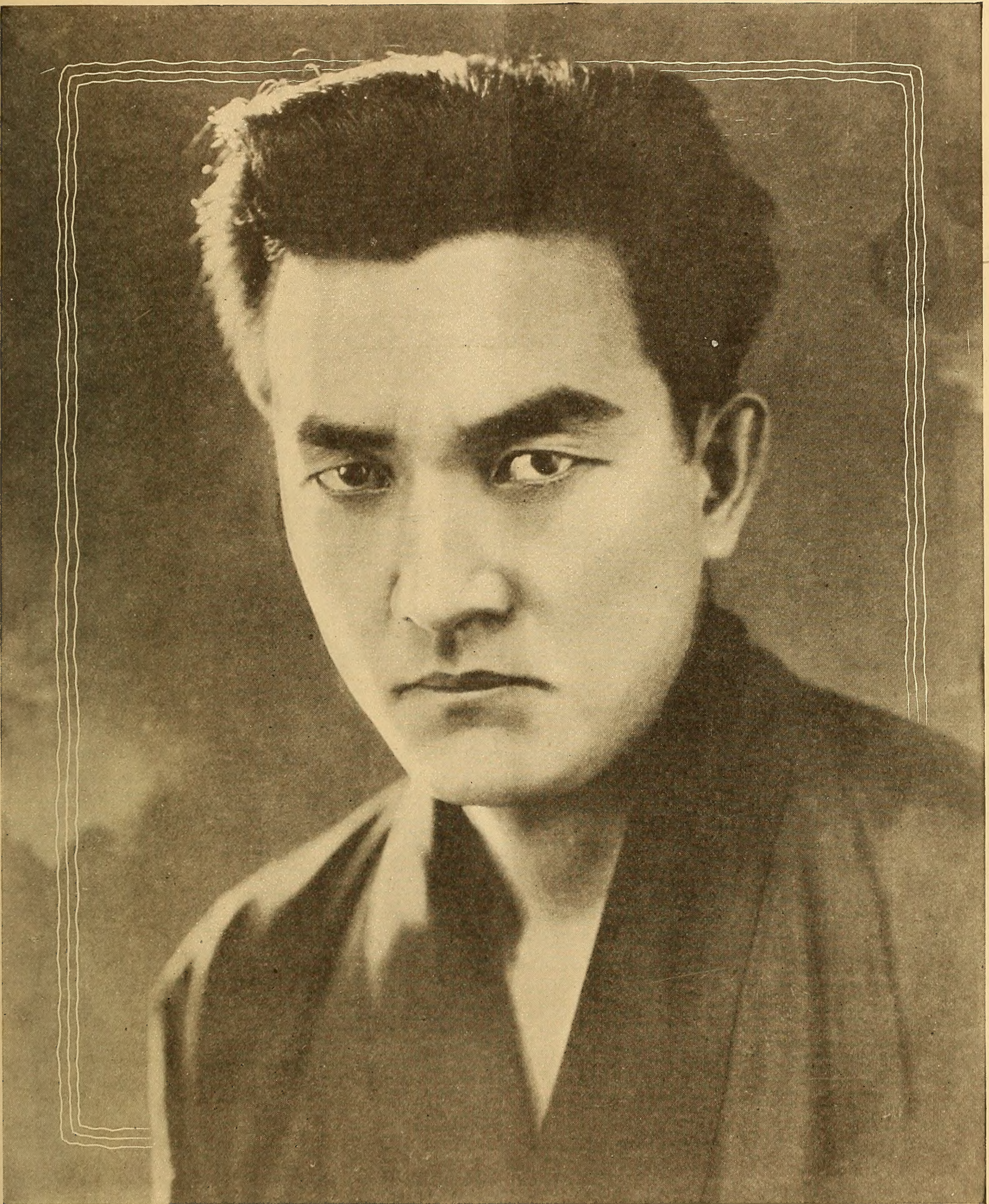
WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy—nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif*, *Madame Sauvage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.



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PARAMOUNT

APEDA

### SESSUE HAYAKAWA

That "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" would seem to be disproved by the career of this star of the silent drama. The deserved popularity of his work indicates that truth and artistry are recognized alike in all lands. "The Secret Game," his latest release, is a story of intrigue and diplomacy likely to contribute to the growth of friendly relations between the nations.





# Film Fun

## EDITORIALS



### Who Is To Blame?

VERY recently the statement was made at a meeting of the Women's Press Club in New York City, with many writers of prominence in attendance, that the elimination of the objectionable in films is hardly to be hoped for under existing conditions. The speaker said that the Board of Censors as now constituted is practically of no avail, as it is composed of members representing manufacturers, whose interests, of course, they respect. She has been engaged for some time, she said, in the work of suppressing the salacious in picture plays, and had found there are more of this character than there are good ones. Her interest in the matter was aroused by questions of her five-year-old daughter which could not be answered. She further declared that she had secured the condemnation of 110 pictures in the city of Brooklyn which the censors had passed, and had them withdrawn from exhibition in that city.

Now FILM FUN expects this to stir up a hornet's nest. That is our hope and purpose. We do not know whether the lady is right or not. We do know that, notwithstanding the able Board of Censors we are alleged to have, films without number are being released right along containing scenes shameful alike to actors and producers and that ought to be prohibited. Their effect is as harmful to moral health as the habit of morphine or cocaine is to bodily usefulness and well being. They poison life, and this generation will have to pay a price in vitiated manhood and womanhood which we cannot afford.

Somebody is to blame. We are willing to see scenario writers, producers, directors, stars and censors start a Killenny cats' encounter to place the responsibility where it belongs. We're able and anxious to referee the engagement. We believe good will come of it. That's why we started it. If the films, now so essential a part of life, are to aid as much as they ought to win the war and bring order out of the after-the-war chaos, they must stimulate clean living and right thinking. The morbid and salacious must be barred.

Who is to blame? We are trying to find out.

### Is Resistance Useless?

THE CONTROVERSY regarding the war tax on films goes merrily on. The producers scored when Judge Phillips, of Cleveland, decided exhibitors must pay the fifteen cents a roll claimed by exchanges. Lively warfare has followed. An important meeting held in Washington is likely to result in remedial legislation, or at least an in-

terpretation of some of the law's provisions which are inequitable.

But there seems a singular unanimity regarding the admission tax. "The ultimate consumer pays" is the decision arrived at and announced. FILM FUN's seems, so far, to be the only dissenting opinion, but there has hardly been time yet for the fans to be heard from. The box-office receipts will tell their decision in regard to the matter. When picture theater patrons consider the fact that 25 cents, which is about the average price for admission with the tax added, will buy a war thrift stamp, they will probably decide to buy the stamp and stay at home. They're in earnest about Hooverizing and winning this war, and they are developing some ideas, too, about getting their money's worth. Profiteering is no more tolerable in pictures than in commodities. The odd cents added, in excess of the tax, by many picture theaters, total a very considerable sum, which goes into the coffers of the theaters. The public ought not to pay this.

### Growth of the Industry

ELEVEN new corporations to engage in the film business in some of its branches were chartered from Albany, N. Y., the week ending October 20th. That seems to justify our prophecy that it was a business likely to prove attractive to investors. The largest of the new companies claims to have a million dollars to promote direct dealing between producer and exhibitor, eliminating the middleman and his tolls. One concern, perhaps, can't bring about so great a revolution, but it is a move in the right direction. Signs multiply that motion pictures are to be brought up to the common-sense level of business principles that prevail in other lines. It is a worth-while undertaking, but the elimination of waste will surely "make countless thousands mourn."

We've had words before, in these columns, about scenarios; we claim and believe that stars can, if they will, put a stop to objectionable photoplays by refusing to appear in unworthy roles. It is more important just now than you might think, unless you remember that plays that are good enough will go to the little theaters back of the trenches. Let everything we send be as nearly as possible up to the standard of the men we send—fine, clean and wholesome

We're beginning a new year, and if FILM FUN has any brickbats or bouquets rightly coming from its readers, won't you take time to tell us anything you think ought to go into FILM FUN's 1918 resolutions.





The real "All Alaska Sweepstakes" race is a glorious demonstration of dog ability, loyalty and enthusiasm. For the many fans and fanciers who for good and sufficient reasons cannot be "among those present" in Alaska, Thomas H. Ince arranged a reel encore performance at Truckee. Clara Williams claims she can manage 'em, all right, and that they're winners.



MENA

Lois Gardner, as "Eve," in the Mena Company's production, "By Superstrategy," is here seen picking her costume. She is pleased that the climate in which fig trees attain perfection makes such apparel comfortable.

### Music at the Photoplay

By JAMES GABELLE

The villain's chased o'er hill and plain,  
The guns pop free on every hand,  
I feel a thrill in every vein,  
The pianist plays "Kennst Du Das Land?"  
The hero in the ballroom shines,  
The merry throng's a pleasant sight,  
And now the lone piano whines  
"Oh, Where's My Wand'ring Boy To-night?"

The maid is in the villain's pow'r,  
Her shrieks, alas! no mercy win,  
And then, in that exciting hour,  
We hear a selection from "Chin Chin."  
The hero to her rescue flies,  
Low steals the sound of "Miserere."  
But when the gray-haired father dies,  
Loud boom the notes of "Tipperary."

A reception now is at its height,  
The guests all radiate good cheer,  
The pianist then with all her might  
Grinds out "The World Is Sad and Drear."  
The play hastes to a happy end,  
The poor maid's woes at last are o'er,  
And as we slowly doorward wend,  
The pianist plays "I'll Smile No More."





ARDSLEY-ART

**"MISS 1917"**

CAMPBELL

The name part in one of the stage successes of the year, and the star part in a play she wrote, are honors which justify the hard work that goes with them, thinks this new star of the screen, Marion Davies whose "Runaway Romany" has lately been produced by The Ardsley Art Film Corporation.



# My Experiences While Filming "Runaway Romany"

By MARION DAVIES

I AM a movie fan and have watched with open-eyed astonishment some of the daring feats performed by the frail heroines of the pictures, longing to do some of the stunts myself, but hardly hoping to so literally live the part as I have since done.

From time to time I have written short stories. One of them I rewrote in scenario form and showed it to some of my friends. They thought it was so good that they asked for the privilege of submitting it to one of the producing managers. The result was that the film corporation to whom my scenario was submitted accepted the story and gave me a chance to really be in pictures.

Their offer to have me play the leading part of my own story, "Runaway Romany," startled me. I had at various times thought it would be great fun to appear in a moving picture play, but when the opportunity came, I had real stage fright or something like it. The film people assuaged my fears; they were very kind and as-



ARDSLEY-ART

I lived in an auto, and my clothes consisted of my gypsy costume and a pair of pajamas.



ARDSLEY-ART

As the heroine, "Romany."

sured me that my story was really good and that they were offering me an exceptionally fine opportunity to be a regular star in the film world.

In the play I am supposed to be rescued from an ocean liner. The director chartered a boat, and we went up the Hudson River, and I was told to jump into the water. I demurred. The river looked so far away. It may have been only 15 feet—it looked 100. The director insisted. Then I jumped. I took, they tell me, a beautiful dive; but can you imagine my feelings upon being told that the camera man had missed it? He had waited so long for me to make up my mind to make the plunge that, when I finally went over the side, his good right arm was suffering from camera cramp. The dive had to be repeated.

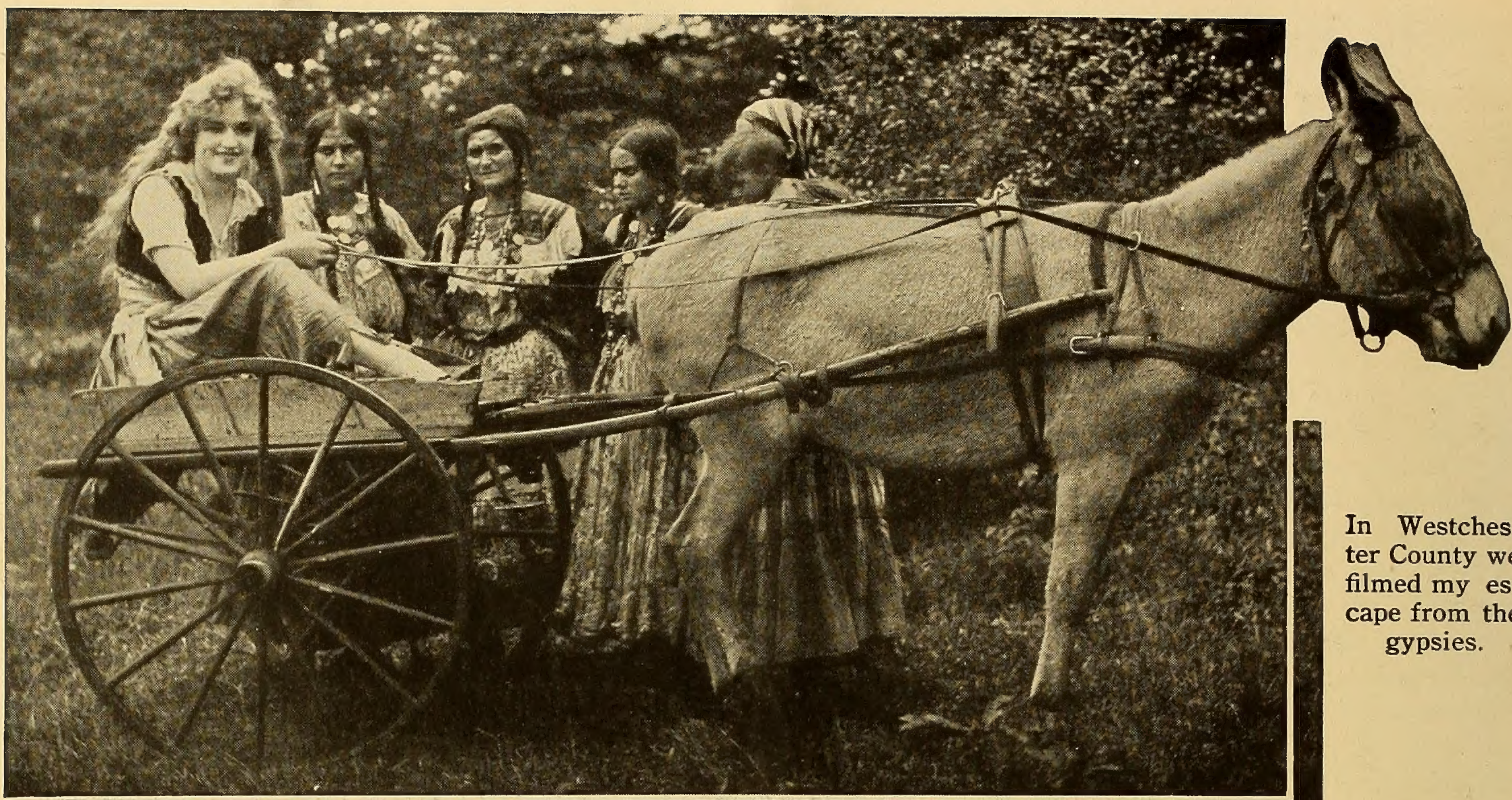
One of the most amusing experiences was when we went out into Westchester County to make



ARDSLEY-ART

Nothing in that constables' "Guide to Duty" indicated an exception in the case of film players. The train came and went, and not a camera crank was turned.





In Westchester County we filmed my escape from the gypsies.

ARDSLEY-ART

my escape from the gypsy camp. The director picked out a nice, quiet railroad station north of Yonkers and prepared to film me escaping on a fast express, while the chief, my gypsy admirer and other members of the cast pursued in vain down the platform. With me were other members of the company, including Joseph Kilgour, Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore and Ormi Hawley. We gathered on the platform of the Dunwoodie station. Timetables had been consulted and a ticket purchased for the hurried departure of Romany; but best-laid plans "gang aft agley." The plotters reckoned without the loyalty to duty of the Westchester constables. With unusual detective ability two minions of the law discovered that I was not a boy, in spite of my trousers. "There is a law against young women's masquerading in men's clothing," they stated with importance. In vain did I protest that we were film folks and that as soon as the scene was taken I was going to leave Westchester County, anyway. It was all of no avail. There was nothing in the index of the constables' "Guide to Duty" that indicated that an exception might be made in the case of a young girl who was merely playing at being a boy. The train

came and went, and not a camera crank was turned.

Again was proved the magic of the pass good for two. Each constable was handed a slip of paper, entitling the bearer to two of the best seats at the opening performance on Broadway. For good measure the constables were permitted to be a part of the pursuing mob when the next train was finally allowed by war schedule to pass the Dunwoodie station.

Talk about work. Anybody who has the idea that a movie player's life is a merry one and nothing else is greatly mistaken. In one week I have acted on Long Island, in Connecticut, New Jersey and various parts of New York State from Manhattan to the Adirondacks. I lived in an automobile. My clothes consisted of a gypsy costume, a pair of pajamas and all sorts of things that actors of the speaking stage never wear in public. I celebrated the Fourth of July by doing a state ball in the grand ballroom of one of our best hotels, by filming scenes in the Pennsylvania Station, at a Chelsea village rooming house and in a crowded East Side street.

Playing the star of "Runaway Romany" was supposed to be my vacation, but it was one of the busiest and most exciting vacations I have ever experienced.



Two minions of the law discovered that I was not a boy.



# Live and Learn



**FOX**  
Fox studio children at school and their teacher, Miss Gertrude Messenger. They come from stage to class-room in the costumes called for by the picture they are at work on. "The Mikado" was being filmed the day this picture was taken.

**I**N THE corner of the great studio that William Fox has erected in California, where the sun lingers longest, is the happiest place in all the world, for it is here that the children's theater has been made, with its big stage, its dressing-rooms, playrooms, and at one side the schoolhouse. The whole story of child life is contained in these structures, but they are built for a purpose that could never have been dreamt of until these days.

Here is truly the home of the fairy and the wonder people of the ages, for in it dwell, during all the hours when the sun is shining, the little people who spend their lives and who give all the joy of their being to the creation of wonderful pictures, that all the world may know, in a new form, the marvelous stories of the ages. Nothing like this was ever thought of before—the gathering together of children in their own studio, to make pictures that children love, so that all the world may be made happy.

For some time now these children have been together, making these wonderful pictures, living the lives of fairies, little heroes and heroines, villains, and all the other characters that go to make up wonder tales. Their success was such that it became evident they must have a place quite of their own, with all the big things that were necessary for their work, and all the little things that were essential to their comfort and happiness. For while the fairy

tales were being made, the childhood that all little ones had a right to expect must not be taken from the little folks who make them. It was surely proper that those who were giving their lives in creating happiness should be happy themselves.

Very great care has been given to this corner of the studio. The stage itself is the very best. It is not merely a skeleton of steel and concrete, but it is an affair that has pretensions to good looks, where no cold iron shows, and no ugly corners are allowed to exist. All the things that men's minds have been able to devise to make it less difficult to create moving pictures is incorporated in it.

Just beside it is the schoolhouse, a real schoolhouse, with desks and benches, and a green blackboard which is quite the proper thing in blackboards, and globes, and all the books with big print by which little children are taught to be wise. And a really-truly teacher hears the lessons. There are the most wonderful playrooms, baths, a swimming pool, and between the buildings grass and flowers are planted. Outside is a great row of palm trees that gives it all a frame.

Here Jack began his career with the beanstalk, and Aladdin found his wonderful lamp. It was here that the brilliant story of "The Mikado" had its start, and "The Babes in the Woods" was filmed.



# Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH (MRS. DAVID W. GRIFFITH)

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

## IT SHALL COME TO PASS

I AM SOMEWHAT surprised that my little comment in FILM FUN, under the heading "Don't Blame the Movies Too Much," should have led that eminent producer, Mr. Herbert Brenon, to conclude that I entertained some doubt as to the permanence of the motion picture business. Mr. Brenon writes me: "I snatch a moment to tell you how much I appreciate your monthly article in FILM FUN. Keep it up. You are one of the few fearless critics who know what they are writing about in the world to-day. You must never, however, write such a sentence as this: 'If the movie passes away, which let us hope it never will do.' I am astonished. Don't you realize that this is one of the biggest steps forward in science, and that we have not yet touched upon its greatest mission, the spreading of great messages, spiritual, historical and moral? The movies will never die." Mr. Brenon does not believe in the permanence of the movies more than I do. Ten years ago, in the early days of the Biograph, which motion picture concern I was a part of, the struggle to secure public recognition of the mission of the movies began. I foresaw their mission and their future even as Mr. Brenon points it out. In this connection I recall an interesting incident that took place in these early days, when Mr. Griffith had been but a very short



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

time with the Biograph Company. He was then considering his engagement in motion pictures only as a stepping-stone to better things on the stage—merely a temporary make-shift. He received an offer to play in a theatrical summer stock company at Peaks Island, Maine, and I remember I did quite a bit of talking to dissuade him from going there. Had he accepted that offer, the history of the motion picture would no doubt read far differently. No one had more unswerving faith, greater hopes or more confidence in them than the writer. My faith now in their permanence, not only as a mode of artistic expression, but also as a means of impressing great spiritual truths, of teaching historical subjects and presenting psychological studies, is stronger than ever. From the depths of my heart I agree with you, Mr. Brenon, "The movies will never die, but step forward and forward."

## THE MAGAZINE ON THE SCREEN

Apparently the only mission of the first moving pictures was to excite the curiosity of the beholder and make him wonder how it was done. It is true that there was entertainment in all this, but the shock of surprise the visitor had on seeing the Empire State Express train seemingly bearing down directly upon him from the screen gave an unexpected thrill. I have been told this, at least, by several persons who saw this sensational film of the pio-



GILLAM SERVICE

David W. Griffith taking pictures at the front in France. No danger deters the man who believes that the mission of pictures is to teach the truth.





GOLDWYN

Mary Garden wears this gown in "Thais."

neer days. How far the movies have advanced since those days! How much farther they will go when they visualize the wonderful lessons that educators, teachers and preachers are now endeavoring, in the old, humdrum way, to impress upon a too often unimpressible public! The tendency in every moving picture house of high quality at this time is to have at least one educational film. There may be filmed the drama, the comedy and the travelogue, the last with an educational quality; but there is also shown on the screen something that teaches both young and old an easy lesson in botany, ethnology, entomology, architecture or zoology. The wonderful thing about all this is the avidity with which the public devours these educational films—the same public that would not go across the street to hear the most cultured professor deliver a lecture on an educational subject. I notice in this connection the recent effort of the Paramount Company to establish, as a part of its regular service, an educational film, and in this connection to maintain a sort of contributing editorial department covering the field of science, art and the whole realm of public interest in pictorial displays. That the subject is not taken up in a haphazard way is disclosed by the first announcement just made by the Paramount that it has selected, as its advisers or contributors in its educational department, the following well-known editors: Gertrude B. Lane, of the *Woman's Home Companion*; Carl Hovey, of the *Metropolitan*; John A. Sleicher, of *Leslie's*; E. F. Warner, of *Field and Stream*; Waldemar Kaempffert, of the *Popular Science Monthly*; and Bruce Barton, of *Every Week*. Good work!

#### JUSTIFIABLE PROFANITY

"The Price Mark," a Paramount-Ince release, is sufficiently boring to discourage any but very brief comment. The acting and the action are so insufferably slow throughout the five reels, it seemed as though there must have been twenty-five. I couldn't help but think of the story told

about the late Bernhard Gillam, the eminent cartoonist of *Judge*, who suffered so keenly at the theater when witnessing a play of inferior quality. As the acts progressed and things grew worse, he would bow his head in his hands, keep quietly repeating at regular intervals, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" and finally rise and make for the door with long strides. Only consideration for my neighbors kept me from the same exclamation, for, of course, it would be so much more noticeable when viewing the silent drama. Perhaps wondering what in the way of classic English the next sub-title would bring forth kept me in my seat. I certainly did not blame the heroine for saying, after this pretty phrase had been flashed upon the screen, "As the returning sun kindles the voices of the morning birds," "Oh, my God, what is there for me to do?" I presume, as "The Price Mark" was shown at the Rialto, it was passed by the National Board of Censorship. Why, I wonder?

#### DOES GOD FORGET?

As a child at school I was very fond of my history. It still remains a fascinating subject, reading like a romance of intrigue, ambition, victory and defeat. What is the matter with the motion picture when it portrays history? Thinking over the historical film subjects I have seen, there stand only two as having a great, big appeal. These two are D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" and Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln Cycle." Here are two photoplays, es-



PARAMOUNT

This costume Geraldine Farrar wears in "The Woman God Forgot" is mostly feathers and breastplate.





PARAMOUNT

Miss Farrar, as the daughter of Montezuma, has a wealth of material to draw upon.

entially historical. To be able to sit through a showing of either one dry-eyed, one must have a heart of stone. 'Way back in my motion picture memory there rises up another historical picture, one of the finest and greatest ever shown on a screen, a Pathe Film D'Art of nine years ago, called "The Assassination of the Duc de Guise." There was a plot to that story, but most of all there was acting—acting that gripped and fascinated you. I believe Le Bargy was one of the cast, but not alone he, but everyone in the cast was a great actor. Surely history lends itself as few other subjects do to screen portrayal. Then why must we sit and suffer through such nonsense as Theda Bara pathetically attempting to interpret "Cleopatra" and Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot"?

I remember very faintly General Wallace's "The Fair God," but remember it well enough to recall that it is a very lovely story. The legends of the Aztecs and the story of Cortez and Montezuma are full of such rich romance that it would seem not a difficult task to make an interesting picture from the wealth of material one has to draw upon. But the same old story is rehashed in "The Woman God Forgot." Miss Farrar plays the daughter of Montezuma, and Wallace Reid a young officer of Cortez's band. How could they participate in a historical picture and not be shown representing different countries and meeting and falling in love? Of course they did! There is the inevitable stupid love story, and then the inevitable battle scenes. Warfare of all the ages has not been neglected by the makers of motion pictures. Battles! Battles and then battles! To digress for a moment, I might observe that

we have one thing to be grateful for: when they come to tell the history of the present world war in motion pictures, we won't see the son of the Kaiser having a mad love affair with our President's daughter. Women now have the vote and probably will make history in a different way than by having amours with foreign potentates, and rulers of nations will not let their countries go to ballyhack because of affairs of the heart. But to resume:

How long is the poor, long-suffering public to have thrown at it these spectacular pictures, containing thousands of feet of film showing the method of fighting olden battles on land and sea? "The Woman God Forgot," showing life in the time of the Aztecs, is one of the stupidest conglomerations it has ever been my misfortune to see. Are we never more to have acting in pictures? Miss Farrar surely didn't act. Wallace Reid didn't act. Nobody gave us any acting, for there wasn't any in the picture, except the bit contributed by the little slave girl. Is the motion picture to develop into an exercise for strengthening the optics? We have hearts and brains besides eyes. Are there to be no stories to touch the heart or appeal to the mind? This "Woman God Forgot" was mostly feathers and breastplates.

I am so tired of looking at motion picture stars nude from the waist up, with the exception of breastplates and huge headdresses! Too bad Comstock is dead! But if we *must* have partly nude movie actresses who never act, then for pity's sake aren't there any to be had with physical beauty? Pictures like this Lasky one certainly need a beautiful woman star, for, I repeat, we aren't asked to



think or feel, only to look! If Miss Farrar would only sing! But she is dreadfully silent on the screen. I can only conclude that the movies must pay her much better than the opera. I hope she goes on making money. As long as she is a money-maker both for herself and for the company that presents her, she has my best wishes, for I only have to see her once. I confess to a little prejudice against Miss Farrar after I had read in the public prints that she had refused to stand up when the Star Spangled Banner was played. This prejudice, however, does not animate me in what I have had to say about her appearance in "The Woman God Forgot," because, following my rule, I give my calm, unprejudiced judgment of the merits of the case.

But what does the title mean—"The Woman God Forgot"? Our Scripture tells us that even the hairs of our head are numbered, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Surely if even the identity of a sparrow is maintained in God's universe, where does "The Woman God Forgot"—the God that does not forget anything—come in? It certainly won't be a hard task for me to forget "The Woman God Forgot," for it certainly was a picture that art forgot.

#### MISS COWL'S MISFIT.

"The Spreading Dawn," a Goldwyn feature, makes its chief appeal through beautiful settings and a faithful reproduction of old-time atmosphere. The story, from the pen of Basil King, is told on the screen through the reading of a diary method. Times without number have elderly gentlemen, seated around the fireplace in their luxurious club rooms, smoking expensive cigars, listened to a story from one of the group which began, "When I was twenty-one." Then immediately it "faded out" and "dissolved" in the youth of twenty-one, who tells the first chapter in the story of why he is now either a sour old bachelor, a roue or a sad-faced, snowy-haired, kindly old gentleman. Women have not been as guilty as men in this regard, possibly because they do not consider old age as attractive as men do, and feel they are not as interesting to the public as grandmothers or old maids as they are as a sweet young thing.

On the screen youth is more valuable to the woman than the man. Many stars do not care to have the public see them "made up" as old women and Jane Cowl had courage in hiding her beauty under the grease paints that produce an old-age make-up. Her characterization of the cynical, elderly Patricia Vanderpyl was very well done. As young Patricia her performance lacked softness and feeling, and was too coldly modern. She was always so self-assured and master of herself that it was impossible for her to evoke sympathy. She never gave the impression of loving deeply, of being tender or giving much to the man she loved. Her make-up as young Patricia was possibly somewhat to blame for this, especially the stiff 1917 way of doing her hair. Her corsetless figure, in a day of stiff stays, was entirely out of the picture. This was particularly noticeable in the archery scenes. Miss Cowl is not as effective or clever on the screen

as she is on the stage. She brought no tears, though she had ample opportunity for doing so. Neither is Miss Cowl as beautiful on the screen as she is on the stage. Most people do not know that once before and previous to her Goldwyn affiliation she had appeared on the screen. Some years ago I saw Miss Cowl in her first movie, "The Garden of Lies"—a very bad picture, the one redeeming feature of which was Miss Cowl's beauty. Perhaps in the intervening years we have become more accustomed to beauty on the screen. The acting throughout was in competent hands. Orme Caldara was very convincing as Anthony Vanderpyl. Mabel Ballin has much charm. Besides a very sweet, youthful beauty, she possesses great tenderness and sympathy, and in a minor role brought much to the picture. If sorrow had come into her life, it really would have hurt, and everyone in the audience would have wanted to help her.

As to the story, it doesn't seem a bit probable that a woman would have so hardened her heart to the man she loved as to keep unopened through forty or more years his letter to her, written as he was dying. Even though she believed him false, even though he were false, she showed herself far from the ordinary "human" in so doing. The direction of the picture was clean-cut. The photography was beautiful. Some scenes in "The Spreading Dawn," were they "still photos" and not moving ones, would be worthy of a place on the walls of one's home. The love scenes by the lake, the ballroom scenes and the wedding deserve favorable comment. The floral decorations in the last two were quite as pretty as any I have ever seen in a motion picture. I would like Miss Cowl much better if she were not so perfectly marcelled at 4 a. m.



S. L. Rothapfel, on a recent visit to California, paid a visit to the Fairbanks studio, where he was warmly welcomed by "Douglas D'Artigan" and his director, Allen Dwan. It would seem from the picture that Mr. Rothapfel would make good bayonet bait for some wild "Hun" and at the same time live to stage another of his famous shows at the Rialto.



# Winners in the New



The "American Maid," with Edna Goodrich as star, begins the action in the front-line trenches in France and is destined for a *finale* in the trench theaters. Maybe the boys are so fed up on realities that the battle scenes will only appeal to 'em as fit background to show by contrast the use and beauty of home life in the weaving of destiny.

MUTUAL



Ethel Barrymore, star, and Frank Mills, in "The Eternal Mother," lately released by Metro.

METRO



SELECT

"Fisherman's Luck," a scene from "Shirley Kaye," Clara Kimball Young's latest pictureplay. There are two rods in sight, therefore it is probable she had help; but at that it's a good catch, not counting "the big one that got away."



VITAGRAPH

This rather touching scene between Wallace MacDonald and Agnes Ayres, of Greater Vitagraph, attains to near-perfection, he says, because it was sufficiently rehearsed.



# Year's Popularity Contest



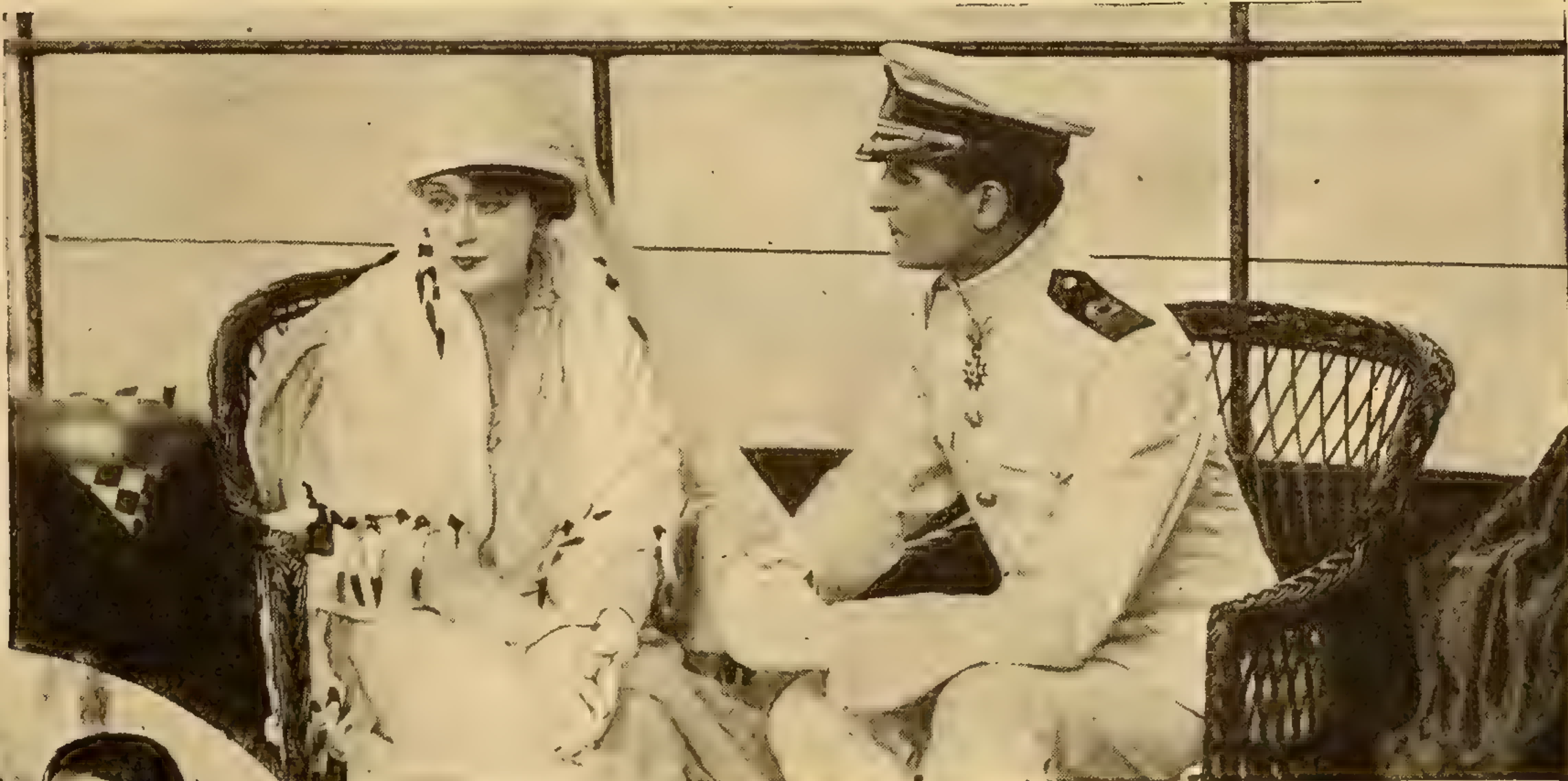
PARAMOUNT-BLACKTON

Wilfred Lucas and Violet Heming, in "The Judgment House," the first of the series of Gilbert Parker stories pictured by J. Stuart Blackton. You can see there's a storm brewing, and no wonder; the other actor is named Crazy Thunder.

Ann Pennington, in "The Antics of Ann," never gives her family time between pranks to realize how altogether adorable she is. ➡➡➡



PARAMOUNT



PETROVA

"A Daughter of Destiny" is the first picture Petrova has made since she became star of her own company. What's the old adage — "A willful woman will have her way" — yea, verily.



PARAMOUNT

Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, in "Jack and Jill." He's telling her a fairy story about how to make a fortune, but you can see they both believe it.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter, in "The Mate of the Sally Ann," is a willing performer, but patience and fortitude must sustain her audience.



# "When a Man Marries His Trouble Begins"

## "THE HONEYMOON"

*In Which Constance Talmadge Takes the Shine Out of the Moon and Puts It Back Again.*

Honeymoons are supposed to be made of treacle and whipped cream, but this one wasn't. Constance found a minister in her bathroom, which was no place for a minister to be, and she told him so.



SELECT

Here she has just heard that her lawful wedded husband, Earle Foxe, is nothing of the sort, and her honeymoon seems in danger of eclipse—also the clerk.



SELECT

After starting off on a second honeymoon, she is overtaken by a flock of well-meaning relatives and told that the divorce she applied for when she caught Earle in a chorus girl's room has been granted and that she isn't married after all.



SELECT

The first day out, when everything looks like smooth sailing, even over Niagara.



# 'Tend to Your Knitting



TRIANGLE



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Many a soldier in the trenches this winter will be made comfortable by garments knitted by these actresses, at the Triangle Film Corporation's Culver City, Cal., studios. Belle Bennett and Irene Hunt play star parts in this as in the photoplays staged here. That they all accomplish much and enjoy it is very evident.



PARAMOUNT

Here's evidence Secretary Daniels was wrong when he intimated knitting would keep women out of mischief. Mary Miles Minter has finished many garments in the army gray, but the mischief, well —

Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn's delightful comedienne, can't take even war work seriously. Her smile goes as a good-will offering, with the fruit of her industry.



GOLDWYN



FOX

Pauline Frederick aids the cause in three ways: plays she stars in go to trench theatres; generous donations go to relief funds, and in leisure hours she knits for the Red Cross.

"It's always summer weather" when June Caprice gets busy with these winter garments for the boys in the trenches. Is she dreaming of some particular star in the Fox service flag?



# Guarding the Front for



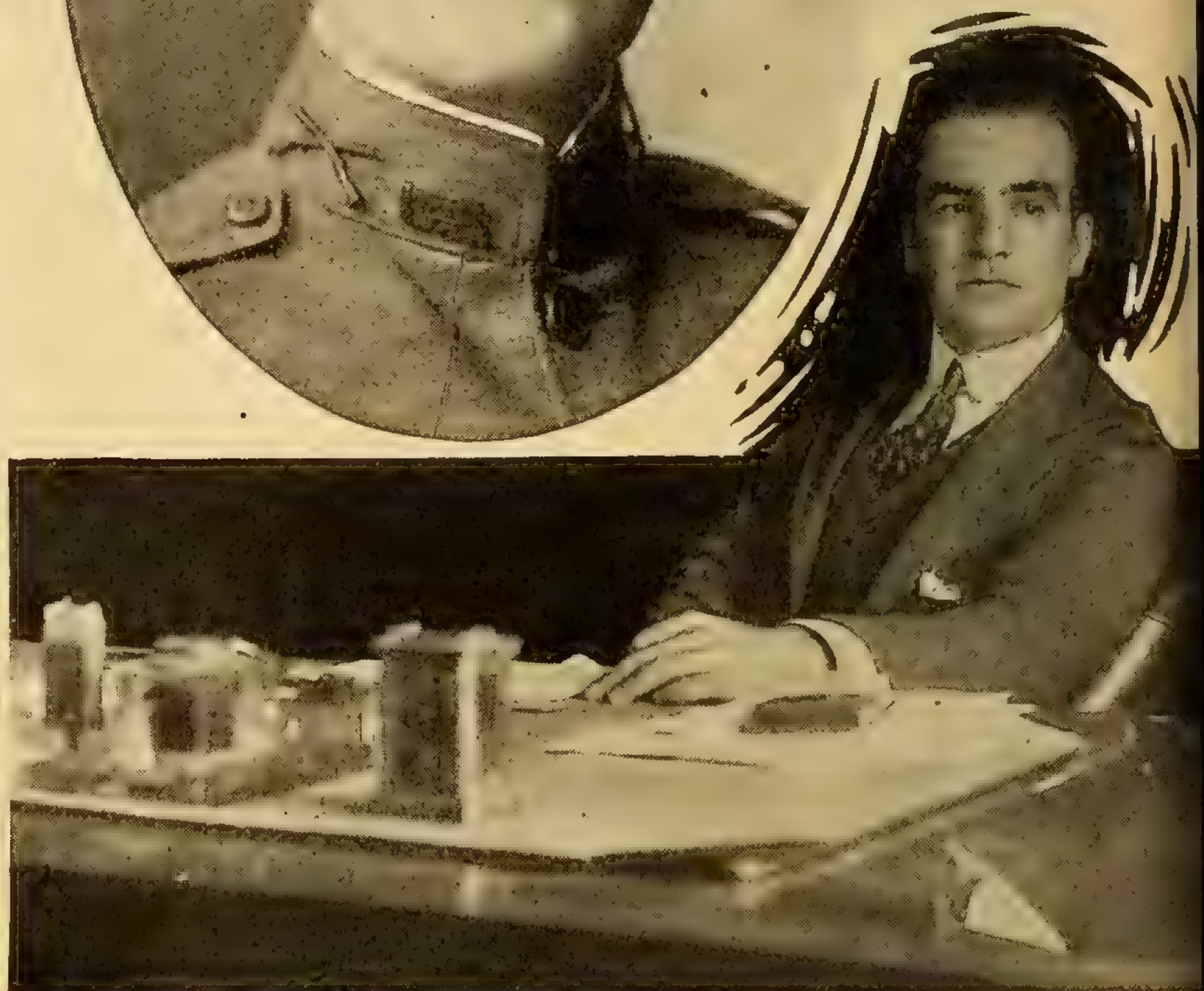
VITAGRAPH

Edward Earle has entered the aviation corps and is waiting to be called. Meanwhile, by way of rehearsal, he played as an aviator in the picture play, "For France."



METRO

First Lieutenant James M. Lough, formerly Metro publicity department.



PARAMOUNT

Hector Trumbull, hitherto in the scenario department of Paramount.

WHITE



REX

Lieutenant Edward Wales, formerly of the American Film Company's force at Santa Barbara, Cal. He is explaining things to Edward Russell.



TRIANGLE

H. H. Barter, technical expert at Culver City, now with U. S. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation.



PARAMOUNT

Tom Forman, star of Hollywood, enlisted in the Coast artillery when war was declared.

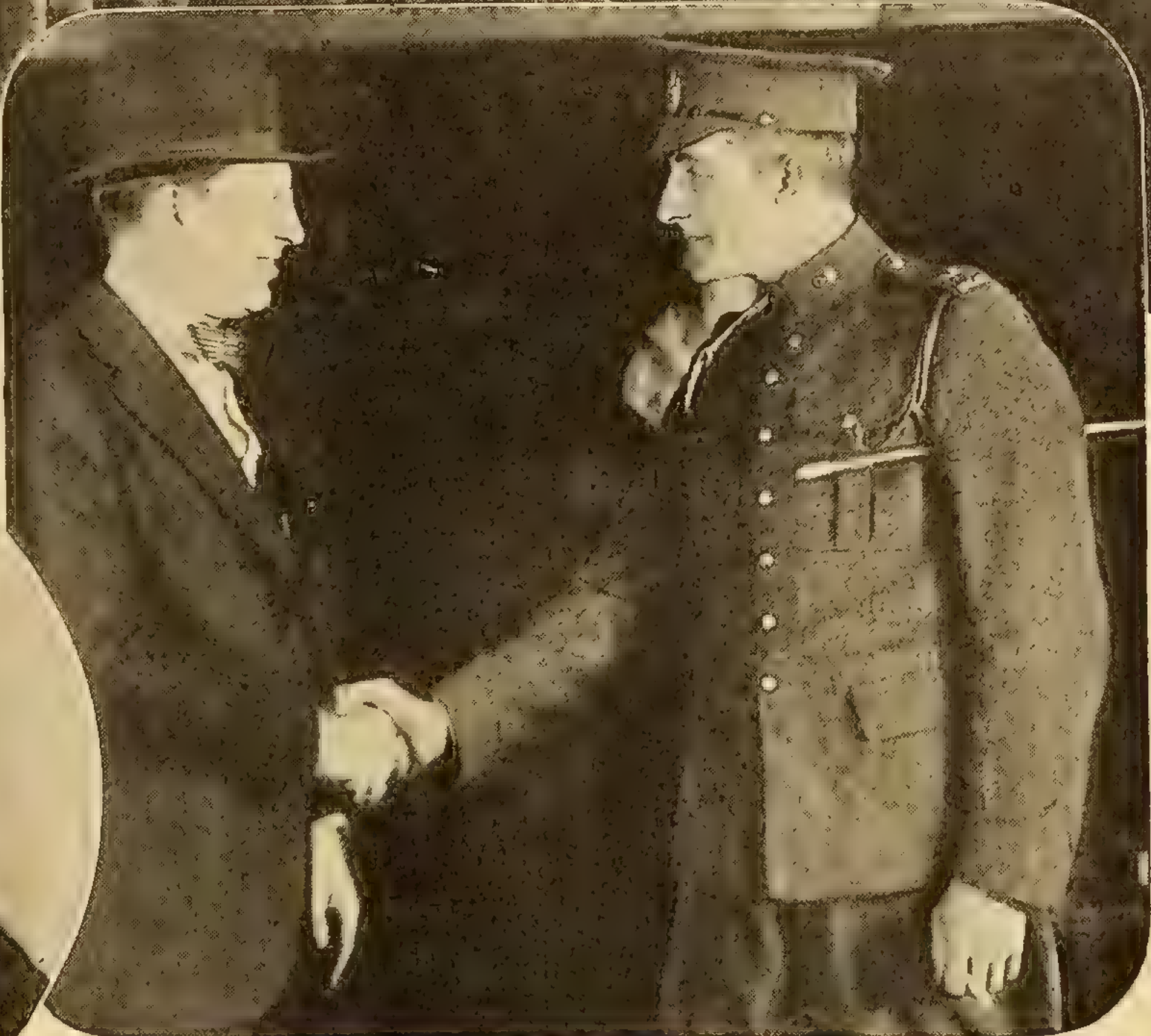


# e Freedom of the World



Victor Smith, the smiling man in the center, is a brother of President A.E. Smith. He's a corporal now. He used to be producing manager.

VITAGRAPH



WORLD-FAMOUS BRADY-MADE

George Cowl, in uniform, talking to Studio Manager Robert S. McIntyre. A Canadian sapper.



NICE-TRIANGLE

Rowland Lee, in training at Plattsburg. A winning smile will be useful in the trenches.



VITAGRAPH

Wesley Ruggles, Vitagraph director, a private in the U. S. Army, is shown here with his draft papers in hand, bidding good-by to his two stars, Edward Earle and Betty Howe.



TRIANGLE

WITZEL

Ray Griffith, in training at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, which is a long way from his birthplace, Boston.



# A Roll of Honor

**FILM FUN**, in the course of its news gathering, discovered that a surprising number of men from every department of the motion picture industry have answered the call—actors, directors, camera men, operators, mechanics and craftsmen. The per cent. of patriots seems higher, and the assay in slackers lower, than in almost any other industry. For instance, five out of seven camera men for Chester, Inc., are in the service. All the returns aren't in yet; we will supplement this from time to time. The lists so far received follow.

**GOLDWYN.** John Melchoir Zwicki, Jr., formerly auditor, now first-class yeoman, paymaster's division, U. S. Naval Reserve; Edwin Robert Bergman, clerk, now chief yeoman, supply division, U. S. Naval Reserve; Tom Powers, actor, after completion of "The Auction Block," enlisted in the Aviation Corps.

**METRO.** James M. Loughborough, formerly publicity manager, now first lieutenant in the regular army; James Kertyn, accountant, now with Naval Militia; William Canter, operator, and Alexander Duane, clerk, both now infantrymen; Charles Jacobson, purchasing agent, now corporal quartermaster's department; Bennett Molter, assistant director, lieutenant Aviation Service; William Sweeney, studio assistant, James and John Sweeney, property men, Harold Wenstrom and Sherrie Harris, assistant camera men, Arthur Herman and Alfred Dagostine, property men, are all in the Navy; Jack Lamond, assistant camera man, is with the Marine Corps, making motion pictures for the government; Frederick Sittenham, assistant director, aviator, Navy; S. Rankin Drew, director, is now an aviator; Lester Cuneo, actor, and Louis Klopsch, publicity writer, are infantrymen; William Laird, bookkeeper, is in the Naval Militia; Louis Hooper, casting director, is with the ambulance corps (Canadian); John Waters, assistant director, and Samuel Herbert, shipping clerk, are infantrymen; Hartley McVey, secretary, is a first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps; Frank Cummings, assistant camera man, Aviation; Dwight Bergeman, camera man, and Irving Flisser, electrician, are now in the Navy; Andrew McDonald, electrician, Benny Pierpoali, assistant camera man, Carl W. Kimm, film cutter, Wells Pettibone, carpenter, Jack Christianson, assistant property man, William Brown, scenic artist, and Earl Morris, chauffeur, are all infantrymen.

**PARAMOUNT** (Eastern studios). Hector Turnbull, formerly with Scenario Department; Adolph Menjou, actor, now First Lieutenant, U. S. Ambulance Corps; Albert Bassett, actor, private, 107th regt., U. S. A.; Harry I. Day, Serg't., U. S. Ambulance, formerly editor *Paramount Progress*; Lloyd Robinson, Publicity Dept., first-class yeoman, U. S. N.; Phillip Desmond, 9th Coast Defense, 14th Co., formerly ass't. to Mr. Day; L. O. Bull, shipping dep't., Corporal 22d Aero Squadron, U. S. A.; Chas. Gartner, advertising dep't., Co. K., 71st, N. G. N. Y.; James H. MacFarland, U. S. S. *Narada*, formerly in printing dep't.; Wm. J. Moore, shipping dep't., Serg't. 69th N. Y. infantry; Arthur Ryan, ass't. camera man; Joseph Good-

rich, ass't. camera man, Sergeant Signal Corps; George Vanderminden, properties dep't., private 12th Coast Artillery; Paul Vogel, ass't. camera man, private 12th Coast Artillery; Jos. Hannafin, shipping department.

**UNIVERSAL.** Universal City already has contributed a large number of men to the Liberty army. Many had enlisted long before Uncle Sam issued his stentorian call for the selective force, all being eager to serve as defenders of their country against the Teuton. The employees who enlisted are Maurice Blache, Douglas Bronston, J. R. Davis, Frank F. Elliott, Captain Sterret Ford, Chas. J. Gillman, John Goodrich, Bert Howell, H. Lee Huganin, Eric Richard Meisel, Joe Parker, H. B. Pritchard, Cecil Reed, P. L. Rhodes, Earnest Shields, Chas. Allen, Ted Brooks, Chas. Catron Casey, Cuthbert S. Fitz, Henry Gunstram, Carl W. Prager, W. Pasquette, Victor Rottman, W. Tomlinson, Clyde Gineyard, Dan Welsh, Allen Watt, Jos. Neary, J. Hutchinson, S. Quincy.

Universal Company's employees who responded to the first selective call to date are E. L. Berry, A. E. Buchner, Wm. Carlock, R. L. Cline, L. T. Clappam, Robert Cummings, Tony Dellerocca, Eugene Dure, Clifton Godwin, W. V. Hemsley, Pierre Hungate, T. A. Johnson, Herbert Kirkpatrick, Clarence Kolster, A. C. W. McFarland, Stanley Mack, Mann Celia, Edward R. Meeker, Wm. Ormond, Donald Stewart, Harry Tryck, J. J. Waddell, H. H. Brown, Frank Barney, F. MacMasters, Frank Tedrick.

At Universal City the following are called on the second draft: H. Murray, F. Uecker, S. Rockwell, J. M. McCloskey, J. McDonough, Edward Laemmle, R. E. Hodge, A. H. De Bur, Curley Stecker, C. Lacasse, Tony Ramirez, Joe Jarez, J. W. Carson, Jack Geurin, B. R. Paxton, Karl Bolzig, R. L. Brookbank, B. F. Reynolds, Harry Maguire, Ira B. Hoke, Roy F. B. Sofield, L. J. Dusseau, Arthur Smith, G. Washburn, W. Kirkpatrick, A. Tierney, H. R. Gollings, F. H. Marton, C. S. Monroe, E. W. Monroe, W. R. Munroe, C. Bardwell, John C. Geurvorst, H. Hassenberger, H. Mesick, M. Menasco, Henry Stahl, James Callahan, J. W. Neff, R. Snodgrass, Newton Koon, Tom Gibson, Wm. Gibson.

Among those of the Universal's Home Office now in Uncle Sam's service are E. O. Guernsey, Charles Wallach, John L. Schroeder and Joseph McKeever. The Leonia laboratory employees who are now seeing service are Edward Carey, Joseph Durkee, William Bengel, Max Estreich, Ed. Simone, Jos. D. Ward, Albert Wolman, A. Applustille, D. Mannkin, R. Cameron, Oscar Cardenas, John Wormecke, William Roth, T. Kelly, Louis Barard.



# Intimate Interviews With Stage Stars



PATHE  
Bryant Washburn interviewed these papooses by special appointment. He says they're "Good Indians."

METRO

"Your flag and my flag," says little Ivy Ward, who divides the honors with her co-star, Mabel Taliaferro, in "Draft 258," a popular Metro war play lately released.



PARAMOUNT

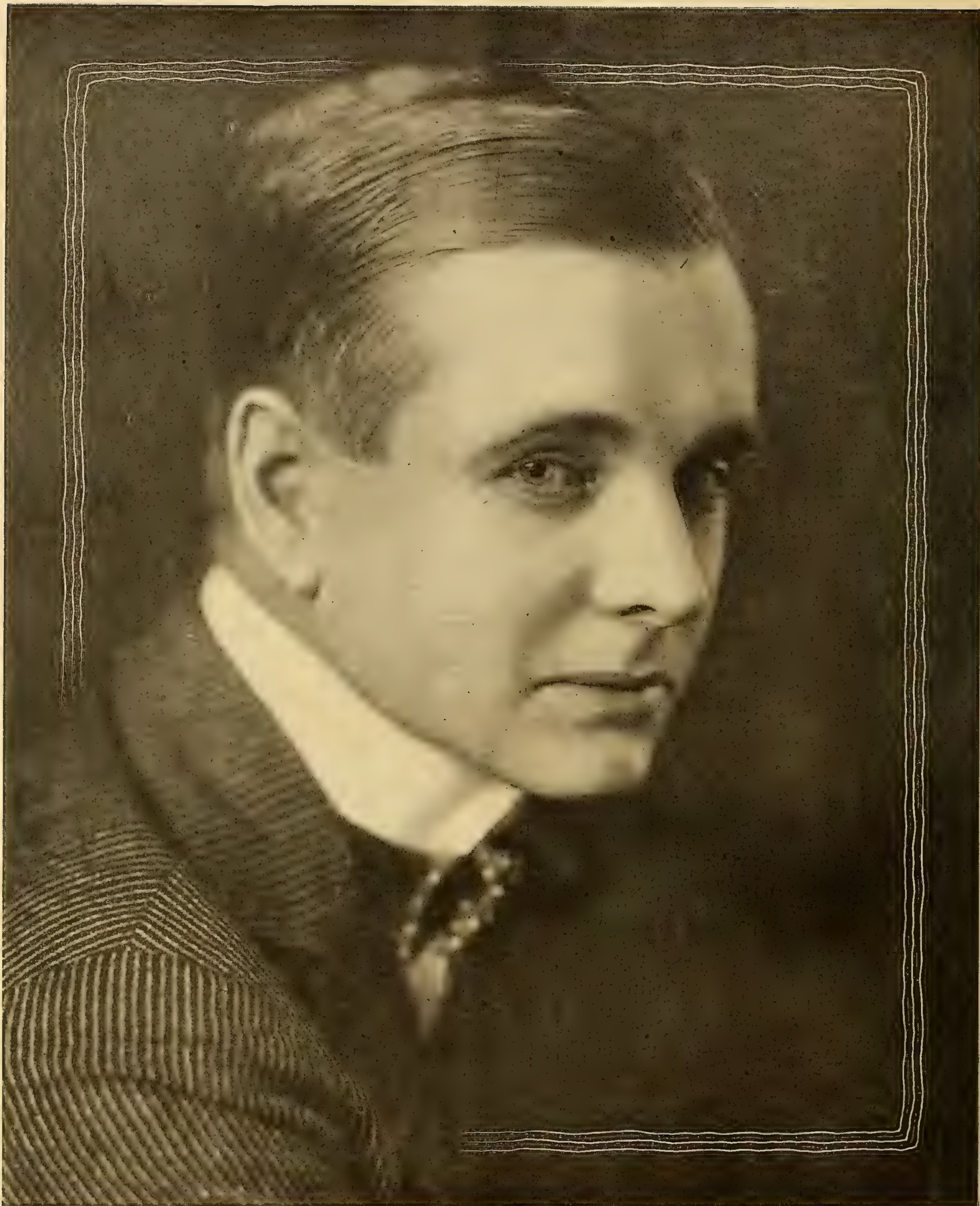
Plots and plotters! The camera man caught George Beban and his small son at work on a new scenario. You can see how utterly impossible it would be for so well considered a theme to be other than a conspicuous success.



BALBOA

Gloria Joy, leading lady for Balboa, and her director, Robert Ensminger, quitting work for the day.





PATHE

### CREIGHTON HALE

The life of the hero in a motion picture serial calls for calm and nerve. Plays such as Pathe's "The Seven Pearls" in which this popular youngster—beg pardon, young star—appears include real as well as "reel" hairbreadth escapes enough to satisfy the yearnings of the most adventurous. You can guess from the picture that Creighton Hale takes his work just seriously enough.



## Are We Downhearted?



PARAMOUNT

This picture doesn't require a caption, but if you've traveled much in the Arizona desert you will know how wise these folks are to "pack their troubles in their old kit bag and smile." The Fairbanks smile is contagious.



PATHE

Frank Keenan, in "Loaded Dice," is receiving the congratulations on his election as Governor when he walks the gentleman who knows that the leading man once committed a crime. 'Twas enough to make a man downhearted, but it didn't.



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

Little Tula Belle and Robin McDougall, appearing as Tyttyl and Mytyl in "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's masterpiece, filmed under direction of Maurice Tourneur.



FOX

"The Queen of the Sea," whose stage name is Annette Kellermann, is impersonating a liberal provider for the studio folks on location.



TRIANGLE

An entire class of U. S. war fliers from the North Island aviation training camp, San Diego, flew in to the Culver City studios and witnessed filming of "The Gown of Destiny." Belle Bennett, the star, welcomed them.



# The Camera Man in the War

Thanks to the camera man no war has ever been so graphically recorded as this one. Ever since the beginning of hostilities in Europe the sharpshooters of the camera brigade have been at the front on the job taking pictures, not only for the leading governments of the world to file away for future generations, but also for the folks of today to study when they open their morning paper, favorite magazine or at the movies. Shooting the day news has become, since the war, a highly skilled occupation requiring nerve, courage and skill, yet its work that few of us know much about.

**I**T WILL be but a few years before the present war will be discussed in the past tense, and for those who did not participate in the actual fighting there will be need for something to tell graphically the story of the war as it was.

The boys who are there now will be classed as veterans in the future. The children of to-day will have grown up and be reading the history of the greatest changes ever recorded in the world. If you did not have the chance to get into the thick of the fray, you must have some means to communicate to your children the events that are now taking place.

There is not a government of the world that does not realize this, and while histories innumerable will be written, what every nation is depending upon to tell briefly and accurately the war history to future generations are photographs of the battles and the thousand and one incidents and activities of the war, for by a glance they clearly visualize a stirring action it would take many hundreds of words to describe.

Truly the war has brought the golden age of the sharpshooters of the camera brigade.

Uncle Sam fully appreciates this, and following the example of the governments of Great Britain, France and Italy, a complete pic-



torial history of our participation in the war is now in process of manufacture.

The work has been assigned by the Secretary of War to the Signal Corps of the army, but the actual recording of events will be done by special units attached to each division. These units will consist of one motion picture operator, with rank of sergeant, and an assistant who must be an expert developer, and one "still" photographer, who may be a sergeant or corporal, with a developer as assistant.

The pictures taken by these men will be carefully guarded until they arrive at the War Department, where an elaborate index system will keep record of every fact in connection with their making.

To get expert men for this work not long ago the War Department sent out a circular to the photographers and moving picture operators of the nation, asking them to enlist their cameras, lenses and services in the war.

While the leading governments of the world are getting marvelously complete pictorial records of the war and filing them away for the reference and benefit of future generations, there is another—a civilian—army of camera sharpshooters, who are employed in taking thousands of war pictures for the benefit of the present genera-



tion, those who for one reason or another are obliged to remain at home.

These folks must depend upon the daily papers for their war news and pictures or upon occasional visits to the movies, but they are being well supplied in both directions.

It is a question if many people, when they open their morning paper at a very interesting series of war photographs, ever pause to consider how a photographer happened to be on the spot to get these wonderful snapshots. As a rule, it did not "happen" and was not a "lucky accident," but was carefully planned.

Nowadays, wherever there is an event of any sort taking place of any possible human interest, there will be found the news photographer, an active, cool-headed young man of astonishing nerve and fearlessness, ready to snap a picture.

Some of these photographers are attached to the staffs of the daily papers, but by far the greater number are employed by the various news agencies and syndicates, which sell their output to the newspapers, weekly publications and monthly magazines throughout the world.

While it sometimes happens that a rank amateur gets a most important news picture which would do credit to the reputation of the best professional news photographers, as a rule it is the veteran who captures the prize.

There is probably no branch of news gathering which requires greater skill or longer experience for reliable results. The modern camera used for the securing of newspaper illustrations is really a very complicated instrument, requiring weeks and months of use by the operator before he can hope for even a reasonably fair percentage of results under the very trying and difficult conditions he is obliged to work.

Then, again, there are other things which go toward the successful make-up of a news photographer. Courage is as necessary as skill, for naturally in taking war pictures the operator's work takes him into tight places. On some precarious perch, poorly hidden by hasty camouflage, perhaps of his own manufacture, he is obliged to dodge shot, shell and shrapnel while getting his pictures.

These once taken, his work is by no means over. Competition in war photographs, as in all other lines of news photography, is keen, and next to getting the picture, speed in developing it and then making a train or boat with the film, so that it arrives at the home office at the earliest possible moment, is the all-important thing. A few hours one way or the other may make all the difference in the world between a total loss and a handsome sale.

Not a few civilian picture makers taking pictures under fire have been badly wounded while traveling the battlefields of Europe, and some have been killed; yet others have immediately arisen to fill their places, no more disturbed by the danger than they are by the click of their camera shutter.

Here is the story of a news photographer's experience in photographing General Pershing, now in supreme command of our forces at the front.

"About three years ago," he said, "I arrived with my camera at El Paso. General Pershing was in command at

Fort Bliss. That day El Paso was celebrating a holiday, and the military men gave a field day in the park. I had been grinding out pictures for half an hour when an orderly stopped me.

"General Pershing wants to see you," he said.

"I didn't realize he had delivered a lighted bomb. I picked up the fuse, so to speak, and also my camera.

"General Pershing was sitting in a box with some ladies and surrounded by officers. I thought what a fine, soldierly picture he would make. Then I noticed the severity of his gaze. His first words struck the thought of Pershing as a film star entirely out of my mind.

"What do you mean by taking pictures here?" he demanded.

"Very much embarrassed, I named the officer who had allowed me to work.

"I want you to understand that Captain So-and-So has no right to authorize you to take pictures at this post. I am in command here."

"The general's indignant tone upset me so that, under the fire of all those official eyes beside him, I didn't know which way to look nor what to think.

"I've a good notion to put you out."

"His tones cut like a saber, but at least they admitted freedom of a sort. I looked at Pershing. In the instant his face changed. A genial, good-fellow smile spread from lips to eyes.

"Just go ahead and take everything you want," said he, in that tone which has won so many men's hearts; "and if there's anything else you'd like to have—any fancy stunts—just call on me, and I will have them done for you."

"He was all graciousness. I began by making a picture of Pershing and his aides, with their guests. This was, perhaps, the last happy picture made of General Pershing, for not long after his wife and three daughters lost their lives in a fire at the Presidio, California."

Another class of news camera men who have been working in the war zone so that those at home may gain some knowledge pictorially of the war are the moving picture men, those who take the views for the various pictorials and war plays thrown on the screens of our moving picture houses.

Some of these men have set up their cameras in the first line of trenches, within fifty yards of the Germans. Such work requires the nerve of a veteran soldier, for the Boche bullets do not discriminate and are no respecters of non-combatants.

One of these men, with a large staff of expert assistants, for several months has been taking pictures in the allied trenches and vicinity for a screen play on the war. He says that only a motion picture camera, which has ten thousand eyes, can see the war. Some of his stars were taken to England and France to be filmed amid ruined villages and battlefields. Recently he returned to this country and had this to say regarding his personal experience:

"As an American the British and French people accorded to me every privilege possible. This meant much, for the presence of a non-military personage in the trenches

*(Continued in advertising section.)*





PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

The success of this latest Mack Sennett comedy is due to clever Louise Fazenda and her riotous raiment. "Are Waitresses Safe?" We leave it to you.



GENERAL FILM

This is not "The Price They Paid" — it is a scene from "The Lonesome Road," one of the latest O. Henry pictures, with Frances Parks as star. More than forty of these stories have been filmed and are justly popular.



METRO

"Henry, he's a wonderful child and the image of you," were the glad words with which mother-in-law establishes herself as a favorite with the family in "A Close Resemblance," one of the best of the Drew comedies.



PATHE

"The Little Patriot," baby Marie Osborne star, a Pathe picture, recalls Kipling's lines about "The uniform they wore was nuthin' much before," etc. The supporting cast is able, and the little colored boy a born comedian.



HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL

Jackie Saunders must have starred in "Betty Be Good," at the Horkheimer studios, before Hooverizing discouraged so costly a necklace for her pet.



Have you wondered  
where Charles Spencer  
Chaplin attained that



sylph-like waist line?  
Behold him emulating  
the flying swan!

MUTUAL-CHAPLIN



GENERAL

A scene from "What Transpired after the  
Wind-up"—one of the enjoyable series of  
George Ade's "Fables in Slang."



CENTURY

Alice Howell, in "Neptune's Naughty Daugh-  
ter," goes to a cabaret and is pursued by the  
villain through two far from sober reels.



CENTURY

Alice Howell already  
has four comedies  
ready for release.  
"Auto-maniacs" is  
the second.



MUTUAL-STRAND

The youth and buoyancy of Billie  
Rhodes go a long way in making en-  
joyable those comedies in which she  
appears. Her latest release is "A  
Two-cylinder Courtship."



GENERAL

The O. Henry stories are being  
screened in a manner that will delight  
lovers of that master story teller.—  
Carlton King, in "Little Speck in  
Garnered Fruit."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Not all, but a large part of  
Paddy McGuire's brains are  
in his feet, and many a  
young man would be willing

to be in Paddy's shoes, if it  
meant pulling down the sal-  
ary he does for making them  
misbehave.



# Isn't It One Grand Job That Requires the



SELECT

Contrary to the adage, this leopard will change its spots when Clara Kimball Young goes to the tropics to film "The Savage Woman."



PARAMOUNT

And that other old saw, about clothes making the man—isn't this gown that Julian Eltinge wears in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" proof positive that clothes make the woman?



PARAMOUNT-HARTSOOK

Kathleen Clifford, star in the first Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One?" wears jumper and overalls like these.



HOFFMAN-FOURSQUARE



GOLDWYN

One instance of squaring the circle—Ruth Roland, Hoffman-Foursquare star, in "The Fringe of Society."

The Red Cross of Serbia and the French Wreath of Patriotic Devotion—are Mary Garden fashions we like.



# Wearing of Working Clothes Like These?



Belle Bennett surely looks like a dainty maid from the Flowery Kingdom, in this gay little business suit, bedecked with chrysanthemums of fur. Her latest release is "Because of a Woman." This is the answer.

FOX

We're bothered to know why is a gown like this appropriate to a play called "Conscience." Gladys Brockwell wears it, however, so it is surely the right style.



TRIANGLE



PARAMOUNT

Most beautiful of women, Lina Cavalieri, in her first screen play, "The Eternal Temptress," wears this chinchilla coat—a temptation to envy, if ever there was one.

PATHE

"The Spring of the Year" is the play made from Henry Kitchell Webster's story "The Painted Scene," in which Bessie Love wears this.

There isn't a harder-working player in filmdom than Louise Glaum. She's careful about her clothes and scrupulously neat, Louise is. And she designs her costumes.



TRIANGLE

EVANS



# America Divided—

## Do You Want It?

**I**N this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, do you want America to be *one nation*, strong with the strength of unity? Or do you want America split with perhaps half a dozen sections, weak with the ills and evils of sectionalism?

This last is no danger born of hysterical dream, America has been committed by act of Congress to a course leading toward such a disastrous result, and this split in national life will begin July 1, 1917—unless the present law be altered.

Here is the situation:

Modern nations are bound together not so much by the machinery of government as by Ideas. Fundamental ideas held in common by all, fully exchanged so that distantly placed people may understand and sympathize with each other—these are what bring a nation together and what hold it together.

The greatest instrument and medium for the constant dissemination of these big nation-binding ideas is the press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping bring all parts close together into one through a common understanding.

These nation-binding periodicals are confronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally, and loss to your country. Postal legislation was introduced in the present Revenue Bill, and is now law, which divides the country up into “zones” and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals about 300 per cent—as much as 900 per cent for the more remote sections of the country. This increase varies from 50 to 900 per cent.

This tremendous increase in rates is not necessary for the business solvency of the Post Office Department. Last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly \$10,000,000.

This measure is a tax-gathering contrivance. *It is a tax upon ideas*—upon that spreading of ideas which hold us together and inspire us as a nation. The Post Office was never designed as a tax-gathering contrivance; it was basically designed to give service to the people—to *all the people at the same rate*. The Post Office should not be perverted from its noble purpose.

And any such method of taxation is not necessary in order to tax the publishers' profits. The publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their *entire net profits* for the period of the war.

This measure, through its “zone” system, will have the following disastrous consequences:

1. It will destroy a large part of the periodicals of the country. You will lose the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and help educate them. And eventually such magazines as do survive will have to pass their unnecessary increase in cost on to you in case you live at a distance from any publishing center. It amounts to this: *You are fined because your occupation or your preference prevents your living in New York.*

2. Infinitely more serious, this “zone” system will result in dividing the country into sections, each developing its sectional ideas. The nation will be split into an East, a Middle West, a Pacific Coast, a South, a Southwest. And this split will be made in the world's greatest crisis, when we should be striving for union rather than disunion—when North should be bound to South and East bound to West by the constant flow of ideas—*National Ideas*.

This is the time of all times when America must be a *united America—one nation* strong with the strength of unity.

Let your influence be used to that end.

## The Authors' League of America, Inc.

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*Write your Congressman and demand the repeal of the iniquitous postal amendment*



## The Camera Man in the War

(Continued from a previous page)

is usually not welcomed with any degree of cordiality. A major in the British army helped me with my camera work, and he took me wherever I wished to go. In fact, we got so close to the enemy at times that I was wounded twice by shrapnel, while on another occasion I was given a baptism of mud when a huge shell struck a few yards in front of me, killing several men; but it was all in the day's work, as there was no other way of getting the pictures I wanted."

While no doubt those taken by our own government movie men will in time equal them, it is a fact that since the outbreak of the war the official French photographs have been particularly good and illustrative. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that all the operators were expert photographers before the war. Now they are all enlisted men, who go about their work under the direction of their officers as part of their army duty, and, like good soldiers, do not consider the risking of their lives when necessary. As a matter of fact, not a few have been killed while at work. When necessary, the French movie operators use big army automobiles to convey them quickly from point to point. Frequently the tops of these cars are employed by the men to furnish the elevation which is often necessary in the taking of good photographs.

### In Our Town

By JAMES G. GABELLE

Ken Jacques has decided to be a motion picture actor. Maxwellton Macgregor says he has a great aim in life, but is too slow on the trigger.

Elmer Smith has also decided to become an exponent of the shadow art. He says it is only right that someone bearing the grand old name should be represented on the screen.

Deacon Gubsing is reel generous to his children. He allus tells 'em if they'll be good, he'll take 'em to see the pictures of the moving pictures.

Purfessor Fisher says the possum has the least brains of any creature on earth. Hen Reardon gives it as his opinion that the learned purfessor ain't never seen a motion picture censor.

## Nuxated Iron Makes Strong, Sturdy, Iron Men and Beautiful, Healthy, Rosy-Cheeked Women

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Dr. H. B. Vail, Medical Examiner and late of the Baltimore and Columbus Hospitals, says, "Time and again, I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. One man 47 years old who had practically worn himself out with stimulating medicines and nauseous concoctions came to me recently after a month's course of Nuxated Iron and declared: 'Doctor, I feel as full of life and energy as when a boy of 21.' When you compare a product like Nuxated Iron which is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, with the older forms of inorganic iron which upset the stomach, ruined the teeth and passed through the body without doing any good, it is not surprising that millions of people annually are now taking Nuxated Iron and physicians everywhere are prescribing it."

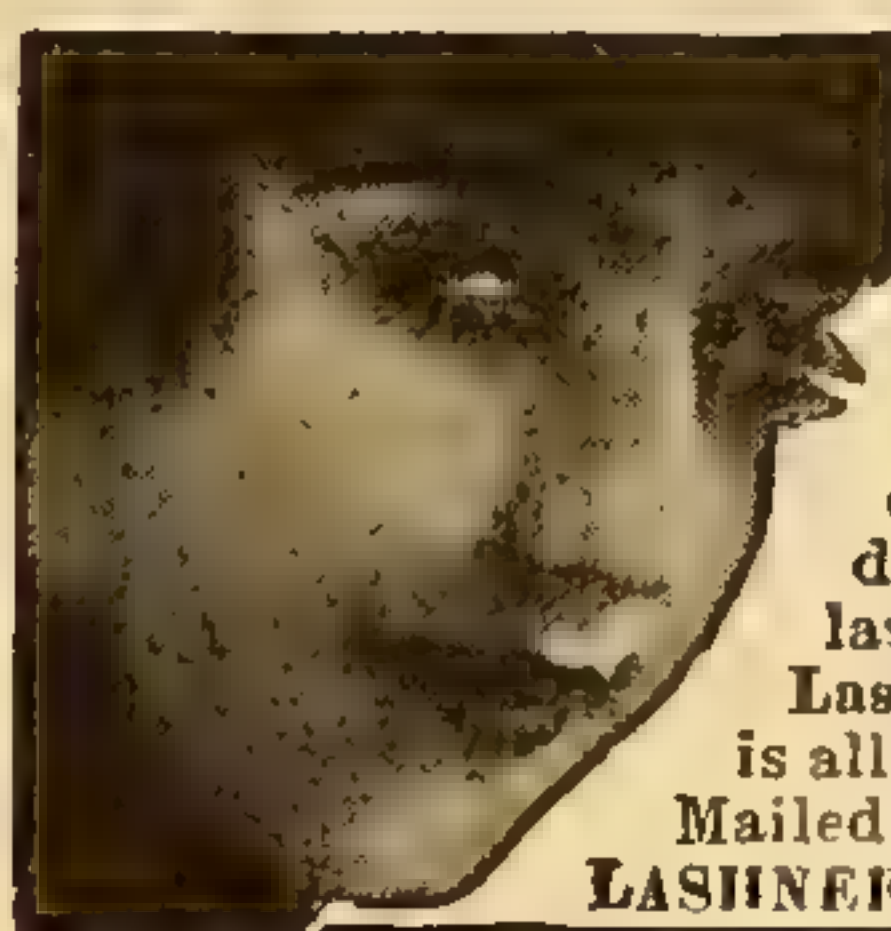
Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I am well past my three-score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely to-day to my



**Gee! That there stuff (Nuxated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger into a man.**

personal use of Nuxated Iron, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I have made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it should be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

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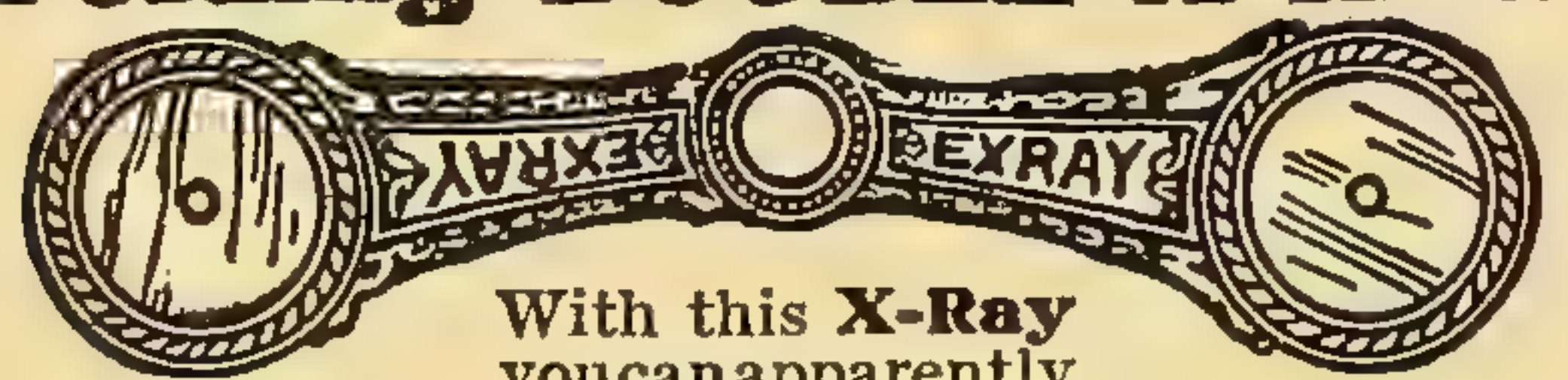
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## Sunny "It" in Reel War

By **WILFRED NORTH**

A VERY funny incident happened in the taking of the "Greater Vitagraph's" military drama, "Soldiers of Chance." A battle scene was arranged for a certain day, and Director Scardon, with his usual executive ability, had everything cut and dried; the location was perfect, and the agent was on the job, with several hundred extra good supers, for the scene was an important one, where the insurgents were making a last desperate attempt to attain the supremacy over the loyal troops, and the loyal troops were just as determined they should not attain that end.

But, alas! the weather was dull and gloomy; so much so, that someone in authority dismissed the army of supers. Fifteen minutes later out popped "Old Sol," and in half an hour the day was all that could be desired for good photography.

Mr. Scardon hurried down from his office, to find that his super army had fled. At his wits' end, he ordered his assistant to go down to the docks and dig up as many husky Italian longshoremen as he could find and bring them back with him. The assistant succeeded admirably in his quest, and there was a likely-looking array in the yard for inspection, all decked out in faded overalls and cotton hooks.

The padrone in charge asked, "Wata disa worka?" "Moving pictures." "Oh, da mova da pict! How mucha you pay?" He was told; then followed a lively debate in Italian, followed by a swelling chorus of "No, no! Fordy centa hour!" The price was finally compromised, they got into the uniforms, and then the fun began.

There is no wonder that General Cardona's men are doing so well at the Italian front, judging from the way those Wops entered into the spirit of the thing. In fact, there was no holding them; they fairly ate it up. They went through the enemy's line like sunshine through a summer mist. There was no surrender; the only way was to knock them on the head. Well, to save the opposing army's life, Mr. Scardon very diplomatically divided the Italians and let them fight each other, and, believe me, they did in a manner to suit the most exacting.

In one scene the building of a barricade was required while the camera was in motion. The Italians arose to the occasion and began running into the scene with bales of hay on their shoulders that would have taken the strength of two ordinary supers to lift.

After several battle scenes Mr. Scardon decided that he would not need all the Italians for the rest of the shots and tried to send some of them back to the studio. There was an immediate protest, which, when interpreted, simmered down to the fact that none would be allowed to go back before the rest, for fear that he would pick out the best suit of street clothes that the others had left in the dressing-room. This also was arranged to their satisfaction.

They were just starting to take a scene arranged around an angle of a building, and when, from around the other angle of the building, bang, bling, blang, blinkety, slam, zowie! The scene stopped, and Mr. Scardon and the others in the cast ran around the angle, to find that the Italians had chosen up sides and were pulling off a battle scene on their own account and were at it full tilt. They were finally pried apart and quiet restored, but not until several very good shots were taken of the impromptu scene.

The upshot was Mr. Scardon declared he had some of the best concerted action he ever obtained, which only goes to show that necessity is the mother of invention, even in the movies.

### Movie Problems

"What's puzzling the director now?"

"Here's the problem—we got a scene at the Pyramids."

"Well?"

"Now, would it be cheaper to take 3,000 people to Egypt or build a bunch of pyramids outside Los Angeles?"

### Stupendous

*Moving picture director*—I tell you I don't want any more of these Jules Vernes photoplays beneath the sea. I'm sick of shark fighting and all that.

*Scenario writer*—But my play is different; it is full of beautiful swimming maidens. I have named it "Twenty Thousand Legs under the Sea."



## Who's Who and Where

Wheeler Oakman, until recently in Universal Bluebird pictures, has joined the Metro forces. He will play opposite Edith Storey.

Tom Mix will henceforth until further notice belong in the Fox constellation at Los Angeles. He will have as director Edward J. Le Saint.

A. H. Woods, prominent theatrical producer of New York, and S. L. Rothapel, director of the Rialto, were visitors at the Hollywood studios recently.

They are having a laugh at the Mutual studios in Chicago because, at the time Edna Goodrich was filming Hamilton Smith's play, "Her Second Husband," Olive Tell had just completed "Her Sister," and Ann Murdock was at work on "My Wife." It looked like a family affair.

The sixth picture for the Empire All Star Corporation has lately been completed under the direction of Dell Henderson, and the filming of "The Girl and the Judge," the Clyde Fitch play in which Olive Tell is to star, is now in progress. The cast includes a number of well-known British players. David Powell is Miss Tell's leading man.

Peggy Hyland's latest pictureplay is "The Other Woman," a screen adaptation of A. H. Wood's stage success. The Pathe presentation is supervised by Albert Parker, who has worked out most successfully some novel ideas in light effects. Pathe has lately added to its list of stars Fannie Ward, Bessie Love, Bryant Washburn and Frank Keenan.

"Tom Sawyer," recently released by Paramount, is to be followed by a second five-reel picture of the later adventures of Tom and Huckleberry Finn. The scenario follows with fidelity this boyhood classic of Mark Twain's. Jack Pickford said he had the time of his screen life while filming these pictures in the neighborhood where the events really happened, down in Missouri.

Movies on the move has become a winter fashion. Following the holidays, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton goes to California to film the third of the Gilbert Parker novels, "Wild Youth," at the Lasky studios. The Empire All

Star goes to the American Film Company's studios in California, to produce Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." Clara Kimball Young goes to the West Indies to stage the "Savage Woman." Wallace Reid goes to Truckee, Cal., to make snow scenes for "Nan of Music Mountain."

One of the best of the holiday picture plays is "The Little Patriot," a five-reel comedy-drama, in which Baby Marie Osborne, Pathe star, plays the lead. Equally enjoyable is "The Littlest Scout," the first release of Pauls Blackton's Country Life series of picture plays. The small son and daughter of Director J. Stuart Blackton play leads in a picture that is sure to arouse to duty all laggards, slackers and stay-at-homes, for, of course, its theme is the Boy Scouts as home defenders. Spy catching and a motor-boat race incident thereto are decidedly thrilling.

Here's a little heart-interest story about Warner Oland's "Non-Booze Club," which has a membership of several hundred already and is growing fast. He helps think up new stunts for "The Fatal Ring," and in a recent "thought expedition" he had for helpers three friends—two civilians and one soldier. A soldier may not drink any alcoholic beverage while in uniform, so the others, as a comradely tribute, decided to abstain for the duration of the war. Then and there the "Non-Booze Club" started, and it is "going strong" with film folks all over the country.

## Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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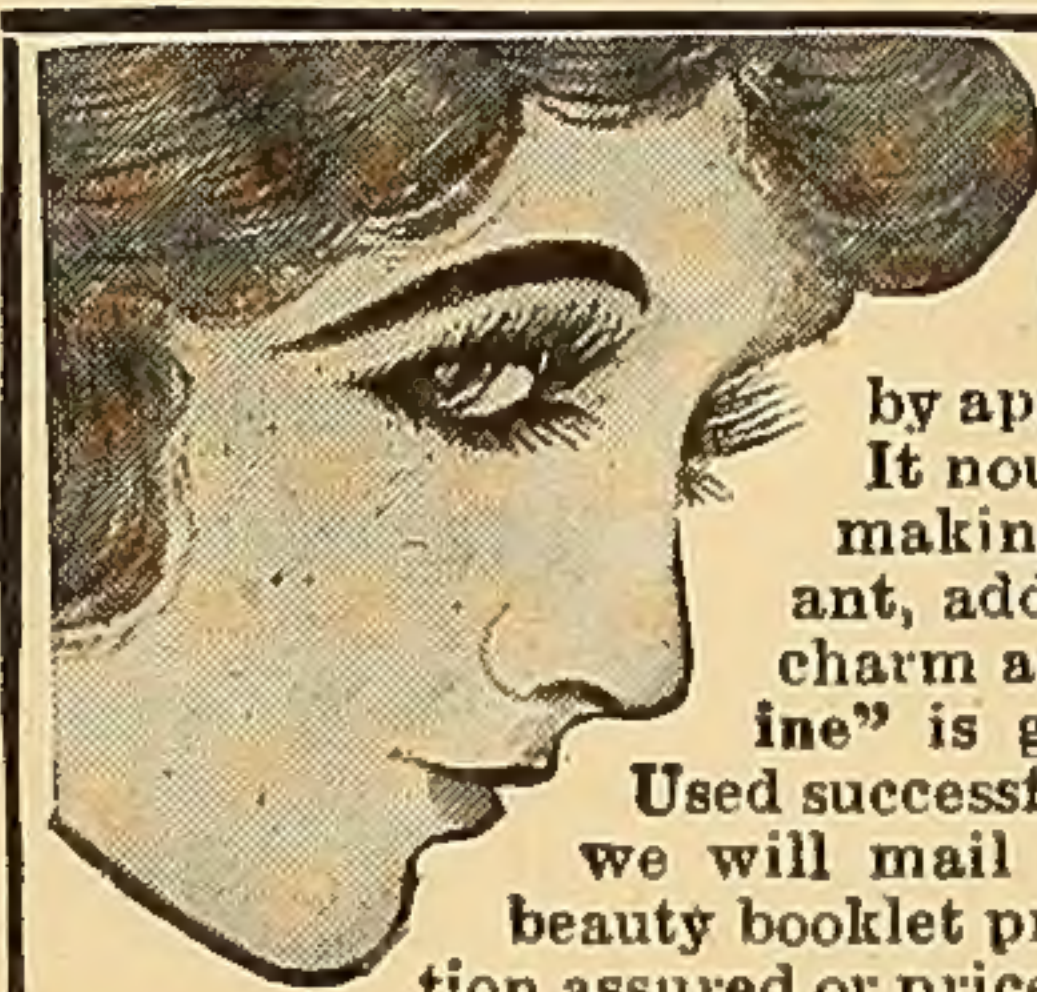
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## “OTHERS”

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There are numbers of poor folk in all our big cities who depend upon

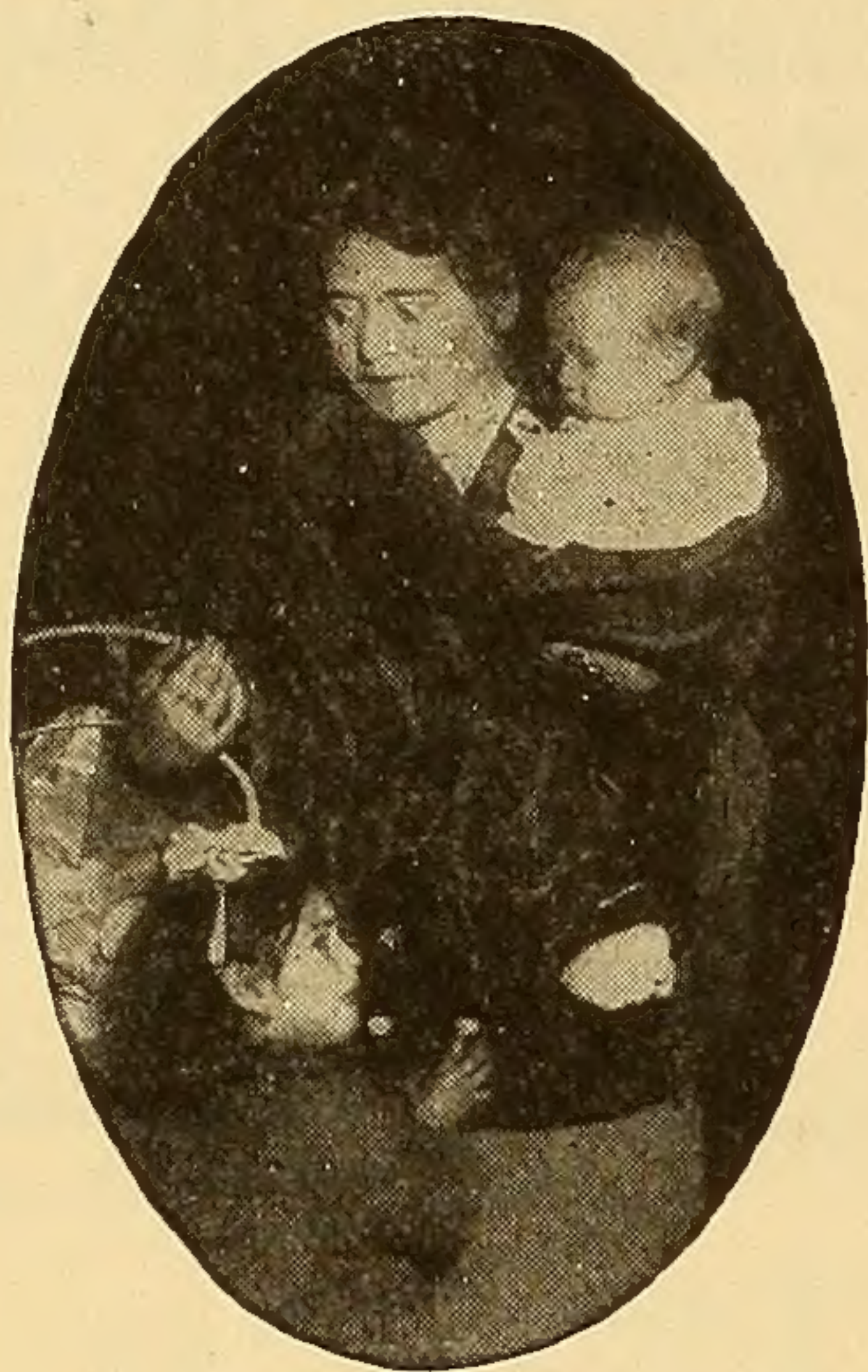
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## Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).  
Artercraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).  
Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).  
Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.  
Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.  
Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).  
Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I. (s).  
Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1335 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).  
Famous Players - Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. (s).  
Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).  
Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).  
Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).  
General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.  
Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Kalem Company, 325 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 19th St., New York City. (s). 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).  
Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Kleine, George, 166 N. State St., Chicago.  
Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Morosco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City. (s).  
Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.  
Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).  
Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).  
Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.  
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).  
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago. (s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street. New York City. (s).  
Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).  
Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).  
Thanhouse Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).  
Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).  
Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyotesville, N. J. (s).  
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s).  
Vogue Comedy Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.  
World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

## OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

A. E. K., Terre Haute, Ind.—Yes, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Viola is nineteen and Shirley sixteen.

J. O'D., No. Philadelphia, Pa.—Your list of photoplays makes us think you must be as busy as we are. We are pleased to know that FILM FUN is a help to you in scenario writing.

Mrs. M. S. L., No. Irwin, Pa.—Mr. Ben Wilson will probably receive mail addressed to 2024 No. Canyon Drive, Hollywood, Cal. We hope to hold your good opinion throughout this new year.

N. M. Nihoubashi, Tokio, Japan.—Miss Grace Darmond was on the stage several years before she began her picture career with Selig. Her first screen play was “Black Orchid.” The last, so far as we know, is “The Gulf Between,” a beautiful photoplay in natural colors, made by the Technicolor Company of Boston. The other stars you speak of will appear in FILM FUN during 1918.

R. T., Perth, Kan.—Screen stars grant many requests for photographs. You might write to those you name. Mary Pickford's address is Hollywood, Cal. Louise Glaum can be reached in care of Ince, Culver City, Cal. Helen Holmes lives at 4555 Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Norma Talmadge is now at work in the studio at 818 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

F. B., Oklahoma.—We like Pearl White, too, and would gladly use her on our cover page, but for the time being we have discontinued photographic covers in favor of drawn ones. However, we will try to use a nice inside picture of her some time soon.

A. H. R., Chicago, Ill.—William Russell is with the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan. He had six years' stage experience in Japan before coming to this country. Marguerite Courtot has completed a picture called “The Natural Law,” produced by France Films, Inc., Suite 608, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York. Most screen stars are very generous about sending out photographs. Perhaps she will.

M. L., Austin, Tex.—George Periolat was on the speaking stage for eighteen years. He made his camera debut in 1909 and has been with Essanay, Selig and Universal. He can now be reached in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Doris Kenyon may be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange, Inc., 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

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# Conscious Evolution Kills Old Age

By DONALD RICHARDSON

**T**HERE is nothing more certain than that the fountain of youth is in each human being, and that each human fountain of youth dries up just as any other, and all powers of body, and personality, recede and disappear, through failure to capitalize and properly use them. Failure to realize and act on these facts and immutable laws causes all who die of old age to be broken-hearted men and women. For, who can bear lightly and without a broken heart to become a victim of the nightmare of old age.

It was not given to humanity to really and economically drink to the full of the spirit of the fountain of youth, until Conscious Evolution and its creator blazed the trail which led and leads not through tropical jungles or over desert wastes to some inaccessible region of the universe, but to a proper understanding of our own evolutionary resources, and to the means of their cultivation through the use of our own powers of evolutionary creation.

The mere fact that we know that billions of cells in our bodies must be healthy for us to enjoy unusual health gives us poor consolation until we realize that it is possible for us to consult a benefactor of the human race. This man who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell, as none other, with the discovery of the means by which its health, life, youth and potency can be multiplied; who, by reason of study, experience and extraordinary genius shows us how we can put unusual health, youth, and greater life in every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum of health, life and power, is indeed a benefactor of the highest type of humanity. This man is Alois P. Swoboda.

## A Great Secret of Life

Alois P. Swoboda shows how without inconvenience, without drugs, without study or loss of time, we can put unusual life and health in our vast multitude of cells and do this in a perfectly natural and easy and practical way. This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a fascinating little booklet written by Swoboda, the pioneer in the realm of conscious and scientific self-evolution. Some day the complete history of Conscious Evolution and its creator will be recorded with all of its immense significance and ramifications, for Conscious Evolution means the highest type of freedom, the highest type of liberty, the highest type of civilization, the highest type of science, the highest type of philosophy, and thus the highest type of consciousness. In this article, however, but a brief outline can be given.

The story of Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin of Conscious Energy—live energy—and the laws governing its evolution and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over a quarter of a million instances, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's Hall of Fame. He did not merely write a book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some battle. Swoboda's fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body—the wizard of the science of evolutionary creation—the wizard of the science of perpetual youth—the wizard of the science of life. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life—perpetual youth.

Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, alive, and happy than they were before. Swoboda has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind, and thus has multiplied the powers, and life and years of men and women. Swoboda advances men and women a tremendous way along the line of human development, in the direction of a higher creation. The man himself—as well as

his hosts of enthusiastic followers—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness and substantiality of his science.

## Conscious Evolution Means Evolution Consciously

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality. His whole being pulsates with unusual life and energy. His mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of biology, physiology, histology, morphology, or on the new and original "with himself" science of energy, as well as on the science of Conscious Evolution, which embraces the principles of all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of the human powers, and the possibilities of self-evolution—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent self-creative possibilities of man under the guidance of the laws of Conscious Energy. You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a most remarkable personality—a superior product of the conscious system of body and personality creating. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed personality the best proof of the correctness of his philosophy and science and of the success of his Conscious Evolution.

## Swoboda Is Centuries Ahead of His Time

Swoboda has no equal as a scientist, philosopher, and psychologist, dealing with conscious evolution. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary biologists, psychologists, philosophers, mentalists, physicians, faddists, or those whose aim is merely the development of the physical. Neither his philosophy or science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plans comprehend the complete development of the human being—increased internal power, more body power, more brain power, more evolutionary power, more conscious power, more creative power, and in fact greater capacity to live, succeed, advance, evolve, and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller, and more complete life—a higher evolutionary, scientific self-creation.

Swoboda is the kind of a personality that never can be satisfied to merely accept a fact without knowing the fundamentals of its existence, the fundamentals of its origin and the fundamentals of its ultimate destiny. One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well and vigorous and ambitious—in short, you are only half as alive bodily and mentally as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are living an inferior life. No one can read his booklet without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

## Youth At Any Age

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be, we can through the conscious use of the principles of evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel, and power-belt thoroughly in trim working smoothly and at maximum capacity—one hundred per cent—at any age. If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are according to the Swoboda standard demonstrably mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy, power, life and pleasure.

IF YOU ARE PAST THE AGE OF THIRTY, CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION MUST ESPECIALLY APPEAL TO YOU. Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

When Swoboda attacked the problem of the cause and eradication of old age, he directed his penetrating mind into the recesses of nature, and became conscious of all of the laws and principles engaged and involved in the production of living organisms, and their evolution and decay. Conscious Evolution is a revelation in perpetual youth. It is not enough to say that Swoboda is an authority on the subject of evolution, youth, growth, and ageing. He is the master of the science of self-evolution.

Thousands of men and women between the ages of thirty and ninety have been rejuvenated, and made again actually young through this evolutionary science at home, quietly, secretly, easily, without self-deception, without faith, without make-believe, without pretense, without appliances and without inconvenience of any character. Conscious Evolution will enable human beings to live to the age of more than one hundred and be as active and alive as at thirty-five to forty-five.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution can be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fog, sleeplessness, nervousness, old age, weakness and deterioration, or any functional difficulty of any character.

## Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Booklet

Swoboda has written a wonderful explanation of the human body and its evolution. This book explains Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains the Swoboda theory and laws of mind and body. It startles, educates, and enlightens. It explains as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body. It tells how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and it tells how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books of science and philosophy on the subject of the body and mind, because it explains principles that have never before been explained by scientists or philosophers. It is impossible to duplicate elsewhere the information it gives, and the value of the information is beyond estimate.

Swoboda has written a simple, but the first really scientific and philosophical, explanation of the actual evolutionary cause of old age. This essay is a classic. It will stand for all time throughout all ages as the first basic and real analysis of evolution and ageing of the cells of the human body. It explains the psychological and evolutionary errors and elements involved in the production of ageing.

Without being compelled to study text-books on psychology, philosophy, biology, histology, etc., you will, through reading this brief analysis learn fully what is nature, when is nature not nature, what is the cause of growth, maturity, evolution and decay. Swoboda has the happy faculty of being able to put a whole science in a comparatively few words. This essay will interest not only men and women who are merely interested in avoiding the nightmare of old age, and those who realize constantly that they are growing older in body, but it will also interest the scientist, the philosopher, the psychologist, as well as the pure speculator on the subject of life. I predict that every man and woman will read this work and profit by it. It is the A, B, C, of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self-deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effects of mis-conceptions concerning the necessity of old age.

The Fountain of Youth—the pursuit of perpetual youth—has always been very alluring, but here we have a guide to its source. No intelligent human being will need coaxing to drink of this fountain, for its spirit gives life, and arrests decay and destroys the nightmare of old age. Perpetual youth will mean to the human race more than is the power of any human being to estimate. Imagine what it will mean to double, triple, or even quadruple the length of human life and multiply human energy.

You owe yourself a reading of this essay on the Swoboda philosophy and science. It will put you favorably in touch and in harmony with your creative forces. You will harness them, capitalize them, and employ them. The result will amaze you. This essay which Swoboda has written and copyrighted will be sent to you free of charge and free of any obligations to Swoboda, if you will write for it. Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letter-head, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. Read it, and learn how to be perpetually young, for you cannot afford to grow old. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 2088 Berkeley Building, New York, N. Y. (Advt.)